

PROVERBS MOSTLY OLD

MAJORITY HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN FOR CENTURIES.

Some Meaning Is Expressed in Varying Phrases Among Different Nations—Comments on Luck Are Most Expressive.

Many proverbs have come down to us from remote ages, and are common to all nations.

It is said that a king of Samos worked his slaves nearly to death in making a vineyard. This provoked one of them to prophesy that his master would never drink the wine.

Just then a about was heard that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard. The king, without tasting, set down the cup, ran to meet it, and was killed in the encounter.

From this Greek original came two French proverbs: "Between the hand and the mouth the soup is often spilt," and "Wine poured out is not swallowed."

It is curious to trace how similar ideas have taken root in different languages and the various modes of illustrating the same thought.

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The proverb on luck are numerous and expressive in all languages. In English we say, "It is better to be born lucky than rich."

A Spanish proverb says, "God send you luck, my son, and little wit will serve you."

The Germans say, "Jack gets on by his stupidity," and "Fortune and women are fond of fools."

Some unlucky Englishman is responsible for the saying: "If my father had made me a better, when would have been born without heads."

"Misfortunes seldom come singly," has many equivalents in all languages.

Called Halt on Lawyer. Laura Hamilton tells of a funny courtroom episode which she saw one day while playing in the south some time ago.

A young lawyer had been appointed by the court to defend a man charged with larceny.

The prisoner, an old dorky, had listened with growing uneasiness to his counsel's plea, and as the attorney went on without a hint of stopping, the negro was driven to desperation.

"'s guilty, yo' honah. I's guilty! De jury can't do no more dan send me to jail for six months, but if dat fool lawyer doan stop, dey'll hang me fo' suah!"

Identified. The two American war correspondents were gazing at the conflict when Kinktop caught sight of a gallant officer leading a charge.

"His face is strangely familiar," he said. "That Greek lieutenant, I mean."

"Yes," said Blithers. "He used to run the boot-blacking stand in that barber shop over on Steenth avenue and Ump-iph street."

Strenuous Oratory. Caller—What's all that pounding in the back room?
M. P.'s Office Boy—Dunno! I heard the boss say he'd got to frame a speech, and I guess he's doin' it—
Stray Stories

ONCE ENOUGH FOR PARROT

Bird's Tour of Discovery Forced Stoppage of Mill, but It Taught Him Wisdom.

The sixty-odd thousand spindles of the Sharp Mill at New Bedford, Mass., suddenly ceased to whir when a parrot, Jimmie, came to rest on any errand.

It was this noisy bird that shut down the mill. Whether the hum of the big rope drive became to him suddenly the murmur of south winds in tropical trees, or whether mere caprice lured him, he flew right up among the rushing ropes and rapidly revolving pulleys.

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ONLY PROPER REVENGE

REBUKING THE PRESUMPTION OF THE MARRIED WOMAN.

Too Many Seek to Probe into the Heart Secrets of Their Less Fortunate Sisters, and Deserve Severe Treatment.

A good many inferences might be made about her own experience in preserving the tender passion with a live husband. To write so feelingly of the preservative qualities of a dead love naturally suggests that a living spouse gave her cause to do some cobbling at the run-down heels of sentiment.

Why, the married woman who does it is a social ghouls coveting heedlessly, wantonly, cruelly, hideously on the grave of dead hopes, gouging her question into the body of lost love!

If married women forget how it feels to be unmarried and asked why, here is telling them! It feels painful and lonely and sad. It takes sweetness and courage and an enormous amount of the good, garden variety of sense to bear up gracefully.

When one asks a maid the question, the maid should scare her into galloping hysterics by looking meaningfully at her one and only husband and observing, in expression—"The man I love is married!"

What the woman would THINK. Indeed, she would be thinking even while she hurriedly pleaded an engagement and piloted her husband out of the maid's dangerous neighborhood.

As Good as a Gold Mine. Professor White estimates that no fewer than 400,000,000 gold mantles are used every year, and as these gold mantles cannot be manufactured without a substance named thorium, the necessity for obtaining a large supply is obvious.

Smoke-Cured. To be strictly accurate, it was not a smoking compartment, but the youth was puffing away at a chubby briar, despite the pained expression on the old lady's face.

Wane of Motherhood. Ellen Key, writing in one of the magazines, deplors the wane of motherhood, a constantly increasing disinclination to assume its responsibilities, she says, being everywhere apparent.

Tickets No Good. Mrs. Brown-Jones (which isn't her name at all, nor nothing like it) has a new parlor maid.

To Exchange Speakers. Mrs. Alex. Tweedie of London and Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, were at a luncheon in Chicago last week.

Wife's Reasons for Loving. They are no longer young. He was just past and she was almost fifty. They had made a little wild excursion together.

Wondering About the Football Boys. "Every year, along about this time," grumbled the Old Coder, "we behold in the newspapers many pictures of huge, hulking, disheveled young lunkheads, with knobs at the knees of their short pants, standing straddling, with their arms akimbo, and gloomily ominously from beneath their mops of hair."

What's the Use? I am ceasing to criticize—use the word in its present, degenerate sense of fault-finding—because my complaints have not been productive of one lota of good.

Moreover, they have always been ungraciously received either by the person whose good I sought or by the person upon whom sympathy I was depending.

"Minnie," said I to my maid, whose stupid looks had become a trial to be endured no longer in silence, "do you know that you go about with your mouth open?"

"Yes'm," answered Minnie stolidly. "I opened it."

Health's Navy Out of "Hoek." Haiti has acquired a bankroll and has taken its navy out of "hoek."

Orders were received that the navy should be towed to the yards of the Philadelphia Ship Repair Company to be refitted at a cost of \$75,000.

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ONE ON THE TOWN PROBER

Mrs. Hill's Well-Laid Plans Did Not Afford Her the Satisfaction She Expected.

The neighbors were in an uproar. Miss Joy, the beautiful and charming social light, had suddenly crawled into her shell.

"I can't understand it," said one of the more curious. "She has never gone to the woods like this before. She doesn't even drive any more."

"Probably there is something awful behind it," replied another, with a glimmer of keen enjoyment in her eyes.

Still the bells failed to put in her appearance. Gossip became intense, until finally Mrs. Hill, the town-prober, decided with grim determination to find out the real cause of the retirement.

"I will issue invitations to a tea tomorrow afternoon and will send one to Miss Joy. Later I will call her over the telephone, insisting that she attend. She will refuse, and then I shall demand to know the reason."

"A perfect idea!" assented the others in chorus.

"Of course, I won't have the tea," continued Mrs. Hill. "That will be understood among all of us."

"Oh, certainly," came the disappointed response. "We only want to find out the truth."

The invitations were issued, and Mrs. Hill immediately opened telephonic communication.

"Hello, is this Miss Joy?" she began.

"This is Mrs. Hill. I supposed you received my invitation to the tea? Now, I won't take any excuse. You must come."

"No need of excuse," sweetly chirped Miss Joy. "I shall be more than delighted to be present."

Reward of the Politician. When Ollie James, now junior United States senator from Kentucky, first broke into politics in his native county of Crittenden he had occasion to try a case before a rural magistrate.

When the trial was ended, says the Saturday Evening Post, the magistrate invited the young lawyer to go home to dinner with him.

"Ollie, it pains me mightily to see you messin' in with politics."

"Why so?" inquired James.

"Ollie, my son," said the magistrate, "politics ain't a fittin' pursuit for any young man. Look at me! I started in politics when I was young and hopeful, jest like you are now."

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ODD LAPSES OF MIND

SCHOLARS AND OTHERS NOTED FOR ECCENTRICITY.

Forgetfulness One of the "Strong Points" of Many Able and Accomplished Men—Sometimes the Result of Self-Hypnotism.

Some years ago I had to speak at a work. "Have you any facts?" inquired my host.

"You have every one had retired to rest the whole house was roused by a hammering on the wall of our visitor's bedroom. Come and see!"

I entered the bedroom. "See those excavations?" He pointed out two large holes in the wall, where the paper had been torn away and the plaster disturbed.

I had the qualified pleasure of meeting this eccentric at dinner some years after. "Can I serve you some soup?" inquired our hostess.

"You will take some fish?" Then, later, the cleric simply shook his head. So he declined dish after dish.

"But what will you have?" inquired the now desperate hostess. "I should like five raisins, one apple, a few nuts and some oil."

By this time every one was uncomfortable. A whisper went around that there were no raisins in the house.

On another occasion it was his turn to preach in the cathedral. Instead of stepping into the pulpit, he walked out altogether, and things came to a standstill.

Another old college don was a dreamer. One day he met me in the town. "My boy," he said, "I came out to go somewhere, but it's gone—gone! Can you tell me where I meant to go?"

I suggested that he should go back to his college. What is more, I saw him safely there.

Later in the evening he sent for me. There was the light of a great discovery in his eyes. "My boy," he said, "it has all come back to me in a flash. I never meant to go anywhere at all. I wanted to write a letter, and I must have missed my way to my library. You will have a glass of wine?"

But he forgot to ring the bell. Presently he said: "Do have some more. Now, what have I done with the decanter?"

Many men's eccentricities are the result of self-hypnotism. I remember once seeing a well-known clergyman walking calmly along during a down-pour of rain, holding his walking stick up, under the impression it was an umbrella.

Absentmindedness is responsible for much amusement. An elderly clergyman, on arrival in Rome, was positive that he had lost some of his luggage, and gave notice at the office; but he was unable to say what the package was like, or even what it was.

It transpired, in the course of next day, that it was his wife he had lost. I shall not forget the interview between husband and wife.—Exchange

Wireless Sketches in Warfare. Surprising results are being obtained by means of the new invention of an Italian youth, Francesco di Bernocchi, called the wireless iconograph, which has recently been tested between Milan and Turin.

It is so much impressed by the enormous advantages of the wireless iconograph for transmitting orders and conveying sketches in time of war with the utmost secrecy that steps were immediately taken to secure for the Italian government exclusive possession of the patent.

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